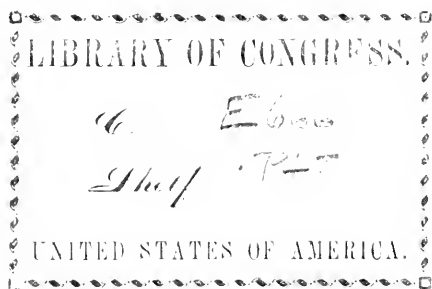




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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Keports of E. O. Perrin

S P E E C H
OF
HON. E. O. PERRIN,
AT
WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT,
TO
SERGEANT BATES,

AFTER HE HAD BEEN
Driven, with his Flag, from the National Capitol,

APRIL 14, 1868.



WASHINGTON:
INTELLIGENCER PRINTING HOUSE,
Nos. 401 and 403 D Street, near 7th.
1868.

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CONSERVATIVE ARMY AND NAVY UNION CLUB.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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After he had been driven, with his Flag, from the National Capitol, April 14, 1868.

SERGEANT BATES: As unexpectedly to myself as to you, the Reception Committee have this moment requested me to welcome you and your flag, after having been driven from the portals of the nation's Capitol.

After such a repulse from such a source, no place could be more appropriate than here, at the base of this unfinished monument, erected to commemorate the virtues of George Washington, the Father of his Country.

Could the spirit of that great patriot look down upon this melancholy scene to-day, he might deliver another farewell address to all the hopes and prospects of a distracted country.

Look but a moment on the picture. That silken banner, wrought by fair hands upon the banks of the Mississippi, and placed in your keeping by the citizens of Vicksburg on the 28th of last January, has been borne by you, over mountain and valley, 'mid sunshine and rain, by night and by day, for nearly three weary months, through the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, and everywhere throughout these once rebellious States it has been hailed with joy and gladness—every city, village, and town joining in the glad shout—old

men and young men, soldiers and citizens, matrons and maidens, all, all welcoming it as the harbinger of better days. Even at Montgomery and Richmond, the boasted capitals of the late Confederacy, you were escorted to the dome of each Capitol, and the stripes and stars kissed again the balmy breeze of the once rebellious South, amid the loud plaudits of a conquered people.

I learn, from good authority, that but one paper in all the South cast any imputation upon you or your banner—"Pollard's Southern Opinion," a rebel sheet which echoes only the opinion of Pollard, and hardly that. He called upon the "people of Carolina to meet you on the border, welcome your insolent approach, and seat you upon some tall, solitary chimney left by Sherman as a bleak monument of his vandal raid, and there let you wave your *rag of oppression* amid the hootings and curses of an insulted people." Not a man, woman, or child responded to the unjust call. Mark my prediction, the whole revolutionary Northern press, down to "my two papers, both daily," will catch this inspiration, join the vile strain, and echo back some fiendish chorus. Indignant rebuke followed the appeal down there: and, believe me, that here the reddest thunder-bolt in God's fiery wrath is reserved to come down upon the heads of those who fatten on spoils, revel in plunder, and prostitute their patronage, all in the name of "liberty" and the flag of their country.

I have it from your own lips that everywhere upon your triumphal journey you have received the same warm, joyous, patriotic greeting, and all without the expenditure of one dollar, from Vicksburg to Washington.

Yet here, in the capital of the nation, by men full of professions and boasting of loyalty, you have met your first, your only rebuke. At the moment you expected to crown your triumphal march by planting that flag upon the Dome of the Capitol, the massive doors of that temple of liberty are slammed in your face by the very men who have bolted and barred out infinitely more loyal Representatives than

themselves, and you are driven to Washington's Monument ; and there, with bowed head, you have unfurled your banner.

Had the so-called rebels torn from it twenty-six bright stars, a Radical Congress would have welcomed the dismantled ensign with shouts of joy, as being evidence of an unrepentant people. But it was a standing rebuke to them to find it pass safely and triumphantly throughout your entire journey without an insult, and requiring no *reconstruction* at their hands.

Yours is the same banner denounced thus by the Radical Tribune :

"Tear down the flaunting lie ;
Furl up the starry flag ;
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag."

Could you expect a better fate for the flag of your country from such a source ?

Had it met this repulse and insult at Montgomery or Richmond, then would your coming have been welcomed with Radical delight.

It matters not, therefore, if you did defend that flag during the war, and love and revere it in time of peace, you are guilty of a "high crime and misdemeanor," and deserve impeachment for presuming to float it from yonder Dome with thirty-six stars upon it, representing as many States, while the Rump *below* have sworn that ten of those stars represent only "*conquered provinces*," pinned to the Union by loyal bayonets, and governed by five military dictators.

Your mistake, Mr. Sergeant, is an innocent and a natural one. You believed in the professions of these men. You thought their loud boasting of love for the Union was sincere. The people once thought like you, but, like yourself, they too have been undeceived, and find that, while they keep the word of promise to the ear, they break it to the hope. Had you taken some dusky son of Ham, and borne him Atlas-like upon your back through the sunny South, and lauded him safely here, a Radical Congress would have

opened wide those bolted doors, and, when you thrust your sable brother—the American citizen of African descent—into the outstretched arms of the Goddess of Liberty which crowns the dome of yonder Capitol, one loud, long shout of joy would have gone up from those gilded halls below, and you would have been hailed as a hero and crowned with the laurel.

Seated in that same Capitol from which you are driven, they strike down the Supreme Court, trample upon the Constitution of our fathers, ride over the sacredness of law, and, in the madness of their wrath, drunken with power, they are this moment enacting the solemn farce of impeaching a President for the high crime and misdemeanor of refusing to bow down to their party lash, and daring to stand between them and an outraged Constitution.

This “traitor President” gave you and the flag a warm welcome to-day, and the loyal Senate, that bars you out of the Capitol, may, for that high crime, frame another charge in their bill of indictment.

The President stood beneath the flag in time of war, and such men love it in time of peace.

When the rebellion raged, he did not continue “to dwell in those marble halls,” but resigned his cushioned seat in the Senate, gave up his five thousand a year, and, bearing a commission from President Lincoln, he went back to his own Tennessee, then surrounded by rebel armies, and beneath just such a banner he “fought out the good fight” till he brought back the land of Jackson to the Union of our Fathers; the only State yet restored since the Confederacy of Jeff. Davis crumbled to the ground. Yet *he* is a “traitor,” and the men who did *not* insult and repulse your flag are “rebels.”

Compare his record with the military career of that radical body that has just repulsed you, and are now sitting in solemn mockery as a “High Court of Impeachment on him.” Call the roll of that “High Court,” and then call the roll of all the armies of the Nation, and show me the name of a

single Senatorial Impeacher that ever followed that flag into battle, or fought beneath its stripes and stars.

From what source, then, do they obtain their warrant to condemn better and braver men? On what bloody fields did they win their laurels? During four years of sanguinary war, and almost four of unreconstructed peace, what arms did they ever face except the *ebony*, and alabaster arms in the ladies' gallery?

I beg pardon; one of that grand inquest did raise a regiment in the Old Bay State, endured the privations and hardships of a forced march "*by rail*" from Boston to Washington, faced gallantly all the dangers and peril of a full dress parade down Pennsylvania avenue, crossed the Long Bridge in triumph, without drowning a man, and hearing that Beauregard and his rebel army were approaching the capital, transferred his regiment by endorsement to a *fighting* General, and then Flora Temple never made better time on the Fashion Course than this Impeacher made from the battle field of Bull Run to the gilded halls of the United States Senate. On that fatal day a terrified Federal soldier, "fleeing from the wrath to come," said he thought he was doing some *tall running* "till a member of Congress passed him. and then he thought he was standing still." That valiant hero sits to day impeaching the only man who resigned his seat in the Senate to face the enemies of his country.

"Judge ye between them."

But we must not despair. Their transient voice is not the voice of the people. No;

"A breath can unmake them as a breath has made."

They but imitate the rash youth "who fired the Ephesian Dome, that his name might outlive the memory of the pious fool who reared it."

I well remember, in the compromise days of 1850, Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the Constitution, after voting for those measures that spread the bow of promise in the

political heavens, returned to Boston and asked the poor privilege of defending his course, and the same Radical fanatics that drove you and your flag from the Capitol to-day barred the doors of Faneuil Hall, that cradle of liberty, against Daniel Webster. Like yourself, he was driven into the inclement air, and gave them that rebuke which I may well repeat here :

“O! ye solid men of Boston, you have conquered an inhospitable climate; you have conquered a sterile and barren soil; you have conquered the very waves that wash your shores; but you have yet to conquer your *prejudices*.”

Alas! his appeal fell upon leaden ears. With unconquered prejudices they followed him through life; and long after his form had mingled with the dust at Marshfield, and his patriotic spirit gone back to the God who gave it, they insulted his memory, and, hyena-like, desecrated his sepulchre, by petitioning the Legislature to tear down the bronze monument erected by a grateful people in the capital of the State he had honored far more than it could ever honor him.

“O! Shame, where is thy blush.”

Sir, after receiving such an ovation through the entire South, I can well imagine your feelings of sadness, mortification, and disgust, when thus rudely repulsed by those false pretenders who claim such exalted patriotism, and are forever prating of their devotion to the National flag.

The people must soon see their shameless hypocrisy and empty boasting; and, in the face of such an insult, you might, while driven from the Capitol, look back contemptuously on that “Radical Rump,” and, with far more truth than poetry, exclaim :

“Blush! if of manly blood one drop remains
To steal its lonely course along your veins;
Blush! if the bronze, long hardened on the cheek,
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak.
Blush! to be branded with the perjurer’s name,
And if you dread not *sin*, at least dread *shame*.”

You, sir, have faced rebel bullets in time of war, and you can bear Radical insults in time of peace.

Despair not ; you will find yourself in good company, and plenty of it, and will have received the same measure of reward meted out to every Union soldier, high or low, from George B. McClellan to the humblest private, who, having served his country on the field of battle, refuses to serve the "Radicals" at the ballot-box. If you love the "old flag," you are a rebel in disguise ; if you revere the Constitution, you are a traitor to Congress ; and oh ! if you have the audacity either to think for yourself, sustain the President, scorn "Negro Suffrage," or, worse than all, vote the Democratic ticket, you are then guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors," and, "in the name of all *such* people," you deserve immediate impeachment. When old Marius, banished from Rome, and driven in exile to Carthage, was ordered by a royal minion to depart from the desolation where he had taken refuge, the brave old hero exclaimed :

"Tell your Master you have seen Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

Return, then, to your people, and tell them you have seen their Congress, sitting inside of the Capitol, legislating "outside of the Constitution" *upon the ruins of the Union*.

A Union far more dissevered by them in three years of profound peace, than it was ever broken by Jeff. Davis and his rebel hosts during four years of bloody war.

But the day will soon come when your bright banner can and *will* float from yonder Dome, every star having a State, and every State having her star.

God grant that it may come quickly ; for on that proud day Congressional usurpation will stand rebuked, an outraged Constitution will be vindicated, a fettered judiciary made free, and last, but by no means least, the Nation's Executive will be rescued from an outrage, oppression, and wrong unparalleled in the annals of modern persecution, and the impeachers themselves stand forever impeached in the eyes of both God and man.

Then, sir, will your late triumphant march live fresh and green in the memory of a grateful nation, while the very names

of the men who drove you from the Capitol will be forgotten, or remembered only with the scorn and contempt which will ever follow the betrayers of a confiding people.

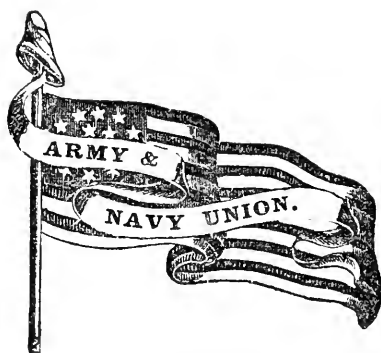
I have finished: unfurl now your banner to the breeze, with no paid minions to molest. Let it float from this neglected, unfinished shaft, a standing reproach to that reckless Congress that squanders millions of the people's money on Freedmen's Bureaus and sable cemeteries, but cannot spare a dollar to the memory of George Washington, whose sacred ashes slumber to-day "in a conquered province" outside of the Union he created and loved so well, and in sight of the very capital that bears his honored name. They have disgraced themselves, humiliated you, and outraged the people, yet your banner is *unstained*. Bear it on proudly to your far Western home. It will be welcomed everywhere by the people who went forth to defend it, with even greater gladness than by those who seek once more its protecting folds, and yearn for the happy days "that are no more."

In the name of all the people, North, South, East, and West, we bid you "God speed." Long may you live to enjoy the pleasant memories of the past, and share with us all the blessings of the future.

For, as sure as yonder sun now shines upon us, our Union will be restored, Congress rebuked, and the nation saved. Then will our children, and our children's children, for generations to come, more than realize the wild enthusiastic dream of the patriot poet when he exclaimed :

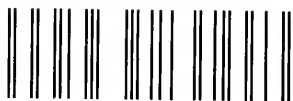
" Oh ! may we flourish at a wondrous rate,
Towns add to towns, and State succeed to State,
Until at last, among its crimson bars,
Our country's banner, crowded full of stars,
O'er freedoms sons in happy triumph wave,
A hundred million, and not a single SLAVE."

At the conclusion of Mr. Perrin's remarks, the flag was waved from the Monument amid tremendous applause, and nine rousing cheers.



And the Star-spangled Banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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